

Smallest Act of Kindness

(IAM Group Limited)



Today, as I am writing this article, I am reminded of how the smallest act of kindness can contribute to one's life. A single smile, a genuine and heartfelt laugh, a simple pat on the back and a short praise are what keeps people going.

Yesterday, we are doing a charity work for the homeless just downtown of our city with our partner, IAM Group Ltd. One of my co-volunteers, a young lady from Yokohama, Japan who had also experienced being abused by his step-father back in their country was handing a box of home supplies to a young lady carrying a baby when another volunteer dashed between them as he was playing with some homeless children. They were playing dash when they rushed into the cue of the Japanese volunteer.

The volunteer got crossed as the box of supplies tumbled into the ground and spilled its content. The baby on the young woman's hand started to wail, the Japanese volunteer started to complain, the children started laughing and they had a little chaos in their group. I started to walk towards them when an unexpected happened that stopped me in my tracks.

The young lady with a pale face and wore tattered clothes while carrying the wailing child on her arms started to laugh. I smiled as I hear her heartfelt laughter. The baby seemed almost as surprised as I was that he also stopped crying and stared at her mother instead. The complaining volunteer and the tearful young man who spilled the content of supplies also stopped their rambling to stare at the young mother. It took them a while to start laughing as well.

That was when another volunteer, our pack leader and the representative of IAM Group Limited approached me while shaking his head. Unbelief was written all over his face.

“I never have thought that there will come a time that I would hear laughter from her.” She said, pertaining to the Japanese volunteer. Now that I think of it, I never heard her laughing as well in all the times that we have been together. She was always strict. Always complaining and always mumbling. The Japanese volunteer would just offer a nod or tight conversation but she was never one to smile, much more laughing.

My co-volunteer continued, “After she have been freed from her experience with her step-father, she remained to be aloof to all of us. What do you know? Now, she is someone who can laugh at silly things thanks to that young mother over there.”

I looked at them with a smile to my face and I write today still with that smile. From the simple act of kindness from a homeless young mother even while her box of supplies were scattered in front of her, she had caused the joy suppressing in one's life out.